

T R A N S L A T I O N S

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P A R A P H R A S E S

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S E V E R A L P A S S A G E S

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Bible Harmonic
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S A C R E D S C R I P T U R E ;

Prepared by a Committee of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, appointed to revise and enlarge the Collection of Translations and Paraphrases formerly published.

E D I N B U R G H :

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MDCCLXXXI.

STATISTICS

THE REV. J. H. B. S.

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Committee.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN consequence of an act of the General Assembly, appointing a Committee to collect and prepare Translations and Paraphrases of sacred writ in verse, in order to enlarge our psalmody, such a Collection was prepared and published in 1745; and has been used in several churches in public worship. It having been represented to the General Assembly, that it was proper this Collection should be revised, and some additions made to it, a Committee was appointed in 1775, with instructions to receive and to consider any corrections, or additional materials, that might be furnished or suggested by Ministers of the Church.

The Collection of Sacred Poems now printed has been prepared by this

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Committee,

Committee, and is submitted to the consideration of the Church. All the Translations and Paraphrases which had appeared in the former Collection are here, in substance, preserved. But they have been revised with care. Many alterations, and, it is hoped, improvements, are made upon them. A considerable number of new Paraphrases, furnished either by members of the Committee, or Ministers with whom they corresponded, are added. The whole is now arranged according to the order in which the several poems lie in the books of Scripture. A few Hymns are also subjoined, of such a nature as is supposed will be generally acceptable.

Translations

Translations and Paraphrases

Of several Passages of

SACRED SCRIPTURE.

I.

GENESIS, i.

I.

LET earth appear, let heav'n arise,
said the creator Lord:
The earth appear'd, the heaven arose,
obedient to his word.

II.

Thick darkness brooded o'er the deep:
he said, " Let there be light;"
The light arose with smiling ray,
and scatt' red ancient night.

A

III.

III.

He bade the clouds ascend on high;
 the clouds ascend, and bear
 A wat'ry treasure to the sky,
 and float upon the air.

IV.

The liquid element below
 was gath'ed by his hand;
 The rolling seas together flow,
 and leave the solid land.

V.

With herbs, and plants, and fruitful trees,
 the naked globe he crown'd,
 Ere there was rain to bless the soil,
 or sun to warm the ground.

VI.

Then he adorn'd the upper skies:
 behold the sun appears;
 The moon and stars in order rise,
 to mark out months and years.

VII.

Next, from the deep, th' Almighty King
 did vital beings frame;
 Fowls of the air, of every wing,
 and fish of every name.

VIII.

VIII.

To all the various brutal tribes
 he gave their wond'rous birth ;
 At once the lion and the worm
 sprung from the teeming earth.

IX.

Then, chief o'er all his works below,
 at last was Adam made ;
 His maker's image blest'd his soul,
 and glory crown'd his head.

X.

Fair in th' Almighty Maker's eye
 the new creation stood.
 He saw the building from on high,,
 his word pronounc'd it good.

II.

GENESIS, xxviii. 20.—22.

I.

O God of Bethel ! by whose hand
 thy people still are fed ;
 Who through this weary pilgrimage
 hast all our fathers led ;

A. 2.

II.

II.

Our vows, our pray'rs, we now present
before thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers! be the God
of their succeeding race.

III.

Through each perplexing path of life
our wand'ring footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
and raiment fit provide.

IV.

O spread thy cov'ring wings around
till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode
our souls arrive in peace.

V.

Such blessings from thy gracious hand
our humble pray'rs implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
and portion evermore.

III.

JOB, i. 21.

I.

NAked as from the earth we came,
and ent' red life at first,
Naked we to the earth return,
and mix with kindred dust.

II.

All that we fondly call our own
belongs to heav'n's great Lord ;
The blessings lent us for a day
are soon to be restor'd.

III.

'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
or sinks them in the grave :
He gives ; and when he takes away,
he takes but what he gave.

IV.

Then, ever blessed be his name !
we will complain no more ;
If goodness smile, or justice strike,
'ts ours still to adore.

IV.

J O B, iii. 17.—20.

I.

HOW still and peaceful is the grave !
 where, life's vain tumults past,
 Th' appointed house, by Heaven's decree
 receives us all at last.

II.

The wicked there from troubling cease ;
 their passions rage no more ;
 And there the weary pilgrim rests
 from all the toils he bore.

III.

There rest the prisoners, freed at last
 from Mis'ry's galling load ;
 No more they hear th' oppressor's voice,
 or dread the tyrant's rod.

IV.

There servants, masters, small and great,
 all share the same repose ;
 And there, in peace, the ashes mix
 of those who once were foes.

V.

VIV.

All, levell'd by the hand of Death,
 lie sleeping in the tomb;
 Till God in judgement call them forth
 to meet their final doom.

V.

JOB, v. 6.—12.

I.

THOU' trouble springs not from the dust,
 nor sorrow from the ground;
 Yet ills on ills, by Heav'n's decree,
 in man's estate are found.

II.

As sparks ascend, by Nature's law,
 and still successive flow;
 So man is doom'd to cares and toils,
 and born the child of woe.

III.

But with my God I leave my cause;
 to him my pray'r address;
 fly to him who rules the world
 in truth and righteousness.

IV.

IV.

Great, without number, are his works,
 unsearchable his ways;
 'Tis his the mourning soul to chear,
 the bowed down to raise.

VI.

J O B, viii. 11.—22.

I.

THE rush may rise where waters flow,
 and flags beside the stream;
 But soon their verdure fades and dies
 before the scorching beam.

II.

So is the sinner's hope cut off;
 or if it transient rise,
 'Tis like the spider's airy web,
 from every breath that flies.

III.

Fixt on his house he leans; his house,
 and all its props, decay:
 He holds it fast; but faster still
 the tott'ring frame gives way.

IV.

IV.

Fair in his garden to the sun
 his boughs with verdure smile ;
 And, deeply fix'd, his spreading roots
 unshaken stand a while.

V.

But forth the sentence flies from Heav'n
 that sweeps him from his place ;
 Which then denies him for its lord,
 nor owns it knew his face.

VI.

Lo ! this the joy of wicked men,
 who Heav'n's high laws despise ;
 They quickly fall ; and in their room
 as quickly others rise.

VII.

But, for the just, with gracious care
 God will his pow'r employ ;
 He'll teach their lips to sing his praise,
 and fill their hearts with joy.

VII.

JOB, ix. 2.—10.

I.

HOW should the sons of Adam's race
be pure before their God?

If he contends in righteousness,
we sink beneath his rod.

II.

If he should scan my words and thoughts,
with strict inquiring eyes,

Could I for one of thousand faults
the least excuse devise?

III.

Strong is his arm, his heart is wise;
what vain presumers dare

Against th' Almighty's throne to rise,
or try th' unequal war?

IV.

He makes the mountains feel his wrath,
and their old seats forsake;

The trembling earth deserts her place,
and all her pillars shake.

V.

V.

He bids the sun forbear to rise ;
 th' obedient sun forbears :
 His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,
 and seals up all the stars.

VI.

He walks upon the raging sea ;
 flies on the stormy wind :
 None can explore his wondrous way,
 or his dark footsteps find.

VIII.

JOB, xiv. 1.—15.

I.

FEW are thy days, and full of woe,
 O man, of woman born !
 Thy doom is written, “ Dust thou art,
 “ and shalt to dust return.”

II.

Behold the emblem of thy state
 in flowers that bloom and die ;
 Or in the shadow's fleeting form
 that mocks the gazer's eye.

III.

Guilty and frail, how shalt thou stand
before thy Sov'reign Lord?
Can troubled and polluted springs
a hallowed stream afford?

IV.

Determin'd are the days that flie
successive o'er thy head;
The number'd hour is on the wing
that lays thee with the dead.

V.

Great God! afflict not in thy wrath
the short allotted span,
That bounds the few and weary days
of pilgrimage to man.

VI.

All nature dies, and lives again;
the flower that paints the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
and boughs and blossoms yield,

VII.

Resign the honours of their form
at winter's stormy blast,
And leave the naked leafless plain
a desolated waste.

VIII.

VIII.

Yet soon reviving plants and flowers
anew shall deck the plain;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
and flourish green again.

IX.

But man forsakes this earthly scene;
ah! never to return:
Shall no succeeding spring revive
the ashes of the urn?

X.

The mighty flood that rolls along
its torrents to the main,
Can ne'er recall its waters lost
from that abyss again.

XI.

So days, and years, and ages past,
descending down to night,
Can henceforth never more return
back to the gates of light.

XII.

But man, when laid in lonesome grave,
shall sleep in Death's dark gloom,
Until th' eternal morning wake
the slumbers of the tomb.

XIII.

XIII.

O may the grave become to me
the house of peaceful rest,
Whence I shall gladly rise at length,
and mingle with the blest !

XIV.

Chear'd by this hope, with patient mind
I'll wait Heav'n's high decree,
Till the appointed period come
which it has set for me.

IX.

J O B, xxvi. 6. to the end.

I.

WHO can resist th' Almighty arm
that made the starry sky ?
Or who elude the certain glance
of God's all-seeing eye ?

II.

From him no cov'ring veils our crimes ;
hell opens to his sight ;
And all destruction's secret snares
lie full disclos'd in light.

III.

III.

Firm on the boundless void of space
 he poiz'd the steady pole ;
 And in the circle of his clouds
 bade secret waters roll.

IV.

While Nature's universal frame
 its Maker's power reveals,
 His throne, remote from mortal eyes,
 an awful cloud conceals.

V.

From where the rising day ascends,
 to where it sets in night,
 He compasses the floods with bounds,
 and checks their threat'ning might.

VI.

The pillars that support the sky
 tremble at his rebuke ;
 Through all its caverns quakes the earth,
 as though its centre shook.

VII.

He brings the waters from their beds,
 although no tempest blows ;
 And smites the kingdom of the proud
 without the hand of foes.

VIII.

VIII.

With bright inhabitants above
 he fills the heav'nly land;
 And all the crooked serpent's breed
 dismay'd before him stand.

IX.

Few of his works can we survey;
 these few our skill transcend;
 But the full thunder of his pow'r,
 what heart can comprehend?

X.

PROV. i. 20.—31.

I.

IN streets, and op'nings of the gates,
 where pours the busy crowd,
 Thus heav'nly wisdom lifts her voice,
 and cries to men aloud;

II.

How long, ye scorers of the truth,
 obdur'd will ye remain?
 How long shall fools their folly love,
 and hear my words in vain?

III.

III.

O turn, at last, at my reproof!
and in that happy hour
Its blest'd effusions on your heart
my Spirit down shall pour.

IV.

But since so long with earnest voice
to you in vain I call,
Since all my counsels and reproofs
thus ineffectual fall ;

V.

The time will come, when, humbled low
in sorrow's evil day,
Your voice by anguish shall be taught,
but taught too late, to pray.

VI.

When, like the whirlwind, o'er the deep,
comes Desolation's blast,
Pray'rs then extorted shall be vain,
the hour of mercy past.

VII.

The choice you made has fix'd your doom ;
for this is Heav'n's decree,
That with the fruits of what he sow'd
the sinner fill'd shall be.

XI.

PROV. iii. 13.—17.

I.

O Happy is the man who hears:
instruction's warning voice;
And who celestial Wisdom makes
his early, only choice:

II.

For she has treasures greater far
than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
than all the stores of gold:

III.

In her right hand she holds to view
a length of happy years,
And in her left the prize of wealth,
and honour bright appears.

IV.

She guides the young with innocence
in pleasure's paths to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
upon the hoary head.

V.

V.

According as her labours rise,
 so her rewards increase;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 and all her paths are peace.

XII.

PROV. vi. 6.—12.

I.

YE indolent and slothful! rise,
 View the ant's labours, and be wise.
 She has no guide to point her way,
 No ruler chiding her delay.

II.

Yet see with what incessant cares
 She for the winter's storm prepares;
 In summer she provides her meat,
 And harvest finds her store complete.

III.

But when shall slothful man arise?
 How long shall sleep seal up his eyes?
 Sloth new indulgence still demands;
 She shuts the eyes, she folds the hands.

IV.

But mark the end; want shall assail,
When all your strength and vigour fail;
Want, like an armed man shall rush,
The hoary head of age to crush.

XIII.

PROV. viii. 22. to the end.

I.

Keepe silence, all ye sons of men,
and hear with reverence due;
Eternal Wisdom from above
thus lifts her voice to you.

II.

I was th' Almighty's chief delight
from everlasting days,
Ere yet his arm was stretched forth
the heav'ns and earth to raise.

III.

Before the sea began to flow,
and left the solid land,
Before the hills and mountains rose,
I dwelt at his right hand.

IV.

When first he rear'd the arch of heav'n,
 and spread the clouds on high,
 And when the fountains of the deep
 he open'd, there was I.

V.

When to the ocean he gave law
 within its bounds to keep,
 There I was with him, when he stretch'd
 his compass o'er the deep.

VI.

With joy I saw th' abode prepar'd,
 which men were soon to fill;
 Them from the first of days I lov'd,
 unchang'd, I love them still.

VII.

Now therefore hearken to my words,
 ye children! and be wise:
 Happy the man that keeps my ways;
 the man that shuns them dies.

VIII.

'Tis I that point the path of life,
 and give the best reward;
 Life shall be his that follows me,
 and favour from the Lord.

IX.

IX.

But deeply they shall wound their souls
 who 'gainst my laws rebel :
 They who perversely hate my ways,
 pursue the road to hell.

XIV.

ECCLES. vii. 2.—6.

I.

LET such as would with Wisdom dwell,
 frequent the house of woe ;
 Since all are doom'd, or soon or late,
 to feel affliction's blow.

II.

'Tis safer to endure the pain
 of sorrow's piercing dart,
 Than mix with fools in giddy joys
 that cheat and wound the heart.

III.

When virtuous sadness clouds the face,
 and tears bedim the eye,
 The soul is led to serious thought,
 and waded to the sky.

IV.

IV.

The wise in heart revisit oft
grief's dark sequest' red cell;
The thoughtless, still, with levity
and mirth delight to dwell.

V.

The noisy laughter of the fool
is like the crackling sound
Of blazing thorns, which quickly fall!
in ashes to the ground.

XV.

ECCLES. ix. 4. 5. 6. 10.

I.

Life is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t'insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The greatest sinner may return.

II.

Life is the hour that God hath giv'n
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heav'n;
The day of grace; and mortals may
Secure the blessing of the day.

III.

III.

The living know that they must die ;
But all the dead forgotten lie ;
Their mem'ry and their name is gone,
Alike unknowing, and unknown.

IV.

Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy buried in the dust ;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

V.

Then what thy thoughts design to do
Let thy hands still with might pursue ;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor wisdom, underneath the ground.

VI.

In the cold grave, to which we haste,
There are no acts of pardon past ;
But fix'd the doom of all remains,
And everlasting silence reigns,

XVI.

ECCLES. xii. 1.

I.

IN life's gay dawn, when sprightly youth
with vital ardour glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
which beauty can disclose;

II.

Deep on thy soul, ere yet its powers
by vice are prepossess'd,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
and character impress'd.

III.

For soon the shades of grief and pain
shall tinge thy brighter days,
And piercing ills, in endless train,
encompass all thy ways.

IV.

Soon shall thy heart, the woes of age,
in mournful groans deplore,
And with sad retrospect presage
returns of joy no more.

D.

XVII.

XVII.

ISAIAH, i. 10.—19.

I.

Rulers of Sodom ! hear the voice
of heav'n's eternal Lord ;
Men of Gomorrah ! bend your ear
submissive to his word.

II.

'Tis thus he speaks : To what intent
are your oblations vain ?
Why load my altars with your gifts,
polluted and profane ?

III.

Burnt-offerings long may blaze to heav'n,
and incense cloud the skies ;
The worship and the worshipper
are hateful in my eyes.

IV.

Your rites, your fasts, your prayers, I scorn,
and pomp of solemn days :
I know your hearts are full of guile,
and crooked are your ways.

V.

V.

But cleanse your hands, ye guilty race,
and cease from deeds of sin;
Learn in your actions to be just,
and pure in heart within.

VI.

Mock not my name with honours vain,
but keep my holy laws;
Do justice to the friendless poor,
and plead the widow's cause.

VII.

Then, though your guilt has stain'd your
with sins of crimson die, [souls
Yet, through my grace, with snow itself
in whiteness ye shall vie.

XVIII.

ISAIAH, ii. 2—6.

I.

BEhold! the mountain of the Lord
in latter days shall rise
Above the mountain-tops around,
and draw the wond'ring eyes.

II.

To this the joyful nations round,
all tribes and tongues shall flow,
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
and to his house, we'll go.

III.

The Beam that shines from Zion hill
shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
shall all the world command.

IV.

Among the nations and the isles,
as judge supreme, he'll sit;
And vested with unbounded power,
will punish or acquit.

V.

No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
or cloud those peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
to pruning-hooks, their spears.

VI.

No longer hosts encount'ring hosts
shall crouds of slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
and study war no more.

VII.

Come then, O house of Jacob! come
to worship at his shrine,
And walking in the light of God
with holy beauties shine.

XIX.

ISAIAH, ix. 2.—8.

I.

THE race that long in darkness pin'd
have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day who dwelt
in death's surrounding night.

II.

To hail thy rise, thou better Sun!
the gath'ring nations come,
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
the harvest-treasures home.

III.

For thou our burden hast remov'd,
and quell'd th' oppressor's sway;
Quick as the slaugh'tred squadrons fell
in Midian's evil day.

IV.

IV.

Through shrieks of woe, and scenes of blood,
the warrior urges on;
The light'ning's speed, great Saviour! marks
the conquest thou hast won.

V.

To us a Child of hope is born;
to us a Son is giv'n;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
him, all the hosts of heav'n.

VI.

His name shall be The Prince of Peace;
The Wise, the Mighty One;
With justice shall he rule the earth
from his eternal throne.

XX.

ISAIAH, xxvi. 1.—7.

I.

HOW glorious Zion's courts appear,
the city of our God!
His throne he hath establish'd here,
here fix'd his lov'd abode.

II.

II.

Its walls, defended by his grace,
no pow'r shall e'er o'erthrow;
Salvation is its bulwark sure
against th' assailing foe.

III.

Lift up the everlasting gates,
the doors wide open fling;
Enter ye nations who obey
the statutes of our King.

IV.

Here shall ye taste unmingled joys,
and dwell in perfect peace,
Ye who have known Jehovah's name,
and trusted in his grace.

V.

Trust in the Lord, for ever trust!
and banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells
eternal as his years.

VI.

What tho' the wicked dwell on high?
His arm shall bring them low;
Low as the caverns of the grave
their lofty heads shall bow.

VII.

VII.

Along the dust shall then be spread^d
 their tow'rs that prop the skies ;
 On them the needy's feet shall tread,^d
 and on their ruins rise.

XXI.

ISAIAH, xl. 27. to the end.

I.

WHY pour'st thou forth thine anxious
 despairing of relief; ['plaint,
 As if the Lord o'erlook'd thy cause,
 and did not heed thy grief?

II.

Hast thou forgot th' Almighty Lord
 who form'd the earth and sea?
 And can an all-creating arm
 grow weary or decay?

III.

Supreme in wisdom, as in pow'r
 the rock of ages stands ;
 Though him thou canst not see, nor trace
 the working of his hands.

IV.

IV.

He gives the conquest to the weak,
 supports the fainting heart ;
 And courage in the evil hour
 his heav'nly aids impart.

V.

Mere human pow'r shall fast decay,
 and youthful vigour cease ;
 But they who wait upon the Lord,
 in strength shall still increase.

VI.

They with unwearying feet shall tread
 the path of life divine ;
 They still with growing ardour move,
 with growing brightness shine.

VII.

On eagle's wings they mount, they soar ;
 their wings are faith and love ;
 Till past the cloudy regions here
 they rise to heav'n above.

XXII.

ISAIAH, xxxiii. 13. — 18.

I.

Attend, ye tribes that dwell remote,
ye tribes at hand give ear;
Th' upright in heart alone have hope,
the false in heart have fear.

II.

The man who walks with God in truth,
and dealeth righteously;
Who keeps his tongue from lies and guile,
his hands from cruelty;

III.

Whose soul abhors the impious bribe:
that tempts from truth to stray;
Who shuts his eyes at deeds of sin,
and turns from vice away:

IV.

His dwelling 'midst the strength of rocks,
shall ever stand secure;
His Father will provide his bread,
his waters shall be sure.

V.

For him the kingdom of the just
afar doth glorious shine ;
And he the King of kings shall see
in majesty divine.

XXIII.

ISAIAH, xlii. 1. — 13.

I.

BEhold my servant ! see him rise
exalted in my might !
Him have I chosen, and in him
I place supreme delight.

II.

On him, in rich effusion pour'd,
my spirit shall descend ;
My truths and judgements he shall show
to earth's remotest end.

III.

Gentle and still, his voice shall bring
no terror or affright ;
Yet judgement unto truth shall rise
through his victorious might.

IV.

The bruised reed he shall not break,
but raise its falling frame;
The dying embers he revives,
and kindles into flame.

V.

The progress of his zeal and pow'r
shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands, and distant isles,
receive the law divine.

VI.

He who spread forth the arch of heav'n,
and bade the planets roll,
Who peopled all the tribes of earth,
and form'd the human soul,

VII.

Thus saith the Lord, Thee have I rais'd,
my prophet thee install;
In right I've rais'd thee, and in strength
I'll succour whom I call.

VIII.

I with the lands establish will
a covenant in thee,
To give the Gentile nations light,
and set the pris'ners free.

IX.

IX.

Asunder burst the gates of brass;
the iron fetters fall;
And gladsome light, and liberty,
shall be restor'd to all.

X.

I am the Lord, and by the name
of great Jehovah known;
No idol shall usurp my praise,
nor mount into my throne.

XI.

Lo! former scenes predicted once,
conspicuous rise to view;
And future scenes, predicted now,
shall be accomplish'd too.

XII.

Sing to the Lord a new-made song!
let earth his praise resound,
Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
and fill the isles around!

XIII.

O city of the Lord! begin
the universal song;
And let the scatt' red villages
the joyful notes prolong.

XIV.

XIV.

Let Kedar's wilderness afar
 lift up its lonely voice,
 And let the tenants of the rock
 with accents rude rejoice.

XV.

Let all combin'd with one accord
 Jehovah's glories raise,
 Till from the streams of distant lands
 the islands sound his praise.

XXIV.

ISAIAH, xlix. 13.—17.

I.

YE heav'ns, send forth your praising song!
 earth, raise your voice below!
 Let hills and mountains join the hymn,
 and joy thro' nature flow.

II.

Behold how gracious is our God;
 and hear the soothing strains,
 In which he cheers our drooping hearts,
 and mitigates our pains.

III.

III.

Cease ye, when days of darkness come,
in sad dismay to mourn,
As if the Lord could leave his saints
forfaken or forlorn.

IV.

Can the fond mother e'er forget
the infant whom she bore?
And can its tears and cries be heard,
nor move compassion more?

V.

Yet, faith the Lord, should every breast
devoid of pity prove,
Zion shall dwell upon my heart
in everlasting love.

VI.

Full in my sight, upon my hands:
I have engrav'd her name;
My hands shall build her ruin'd walls,
and raise her broken frame.

XXV.

ISAIAH, liii.

I.

HOW few receive with cordial faith
the tidings which we bring?
How few have seen the arm reveal'd
of heav'n's eternal King?

II.

The Saviour comes! no outward pomp
bespeaks his presence nigh;
No earthly beauty shines in him
to draw the carnal eye.

III.

Fair, as a beauteous tender flow'r,
amidst the desert grows,
So, slighted by a rebel-race,
the heav'nly Saviour rose.

IV.

Rejected and despis'd of men,
behold a man of woe!
Grief was his close companion still,
through all his life below.

V.

V.

Yet these were ours, these griefs he felt,
ours were the woes he bore;
Pangs not his own, his spotless soul
with bitter anguish tore.

VI.

We held him as condemn'd by Heav'n,
an outcast from his God;
While for our sins he groan'd, he bled
beneath his Father's rod.

VII.

His sacred blood hath wash'd our souls
from sin's polluted stain;
His stripes have heal'd us, and his death
reviv'd our souls again.

VIII.

We all like sheep had gone astray
in ruin's fatal road;
On him were our transgressions laid;
he bore the mighty load.

IX.

Wrong'd and oppress'd, how meekly he
in patient silence stood!
Mute, as the peaceful harmless lamb
when brought to shed its blood.

X.

Who can his generation tell?
 From prison see him led,
 With impious shew of law condemn'd,
 and number'd with the dead.

XI.

'Midst sinners low in dust he lay;
 the rich a grave supply'd:
 Pure was his life, unstain'd by sin;
 and as he liv'd, he died.

XII.

Yet God shall raise his head on high,
 though thus he brought him low;
 His sacred off'ring, once compleat,
 shall finish all our woe.

XIII.

For, faith the Lord, my pleasure then
 shall prosper in his hand;
 His shall a num'rous offspring be,
 and still his honours stand.

XIV.

His soul, rejoicing, shall behold
 the purchase of his pain;
 And all the guilty whom he sav'd
 shall bless Messiah's reign.

XV.

He with the great shall share the spoil,
 and baffle all his foes;
 Though rank'd with sinners here he fell,
 a conqueror he rose.

XVI.

He died to bear the guilt of men;
 he saw their sins forgiv'n:
 He lives to bless them and defend,
 and plead their cause in heav'n.

XXVI.

ISAIAH, IV.

I.

HO! ye that thirst, approach the spring
 where living waters flow;
 Free to that sacred fountain all
 without a price may go.

II.

How long to streams of false delight
 shall ye in crowds repair?
 How long your strength and substance waste
 on vanity and air?

III.

To me at length incline your ear,
 and gladness ye shall know;
 True blifs shall satisfy your heart,
 and banish every woe.

IV.

Hear ye, and live for evermore!
 In covenant with you,
 The hope that gladden'd David's heart,
 my mercy shall renew.

V.

Him for my witness I have rais'd,
 your leader and your chief;
 The nations he shall call, and they
 be bless'd in his belief.

VI.

Behold, great Prophet! lands unknown,
 and lands that knew not thee,
 Shall hasten to thy call, and God
 in thee exalted be.

VII.

Seek ye the Lord while yet his ear
 is open to your call;
 While offer'd mercy still is near,
 before his footstool fall.

VIII.

Now let the sons of vice repent,
from sin the sinner cease ;
To God returning, they shall meet
their God's returning grace.

IX.

He pardons with o'erflowing love
for hear the voice divine :
My nature is not like to yours,
nor like your ways are mine :

X.

But far as heav'n's resplendent orbs
beyond earth's spot extend,
As far my thoughts, as far my ways,
your ways and thoughts transcend.

XI.

And as the rains from heav'n distill,
nor thither mount again,
But swell the earth with fruitful juice,
and all its tribes sustain ;

XII.

So not a word that flows from me
shall ineffectual fall ;
But universal nature prove
obedient to my call.

XIII.

XIII.

With joy and peace shall then be led
the glad converted lands;
The lofty mountains then shall sing,
the forests clap their hands.

XIV.

For briers then, and thorny wilds,
shall firs and myrtles spring;
And nature, through its utmost bounds,
eternal praises sing.

XXVII.

ISAIAH, lvii. 15. 16.

I.

THE High and Holy One hath spoke;
ye tribes of earth give ear;
The words of your Almighty King
with sacred rev'rence hear.

II.

Amidst the majesty of heav'n
my throne is fix'd on high;
And through eternity I hear
the praises of the sky:

III.

III.

Yet looking down, I visit oft
 the humble hallow'd cell;
 And with the penitent who mourns
 'tis my delight to dwell:

IV.

The down-cast spirit to revive,
 the sad in soul to chear;
 And from the bed of dust the man
 of heart contrite to rear:

V.

The souls which I have form'd shall find
 a refuge in my grace;
 Nor will I so contend that they
 should fail before my face.

XXVIII.

ISAIAH, lviii. 5.—9.

I.

At tend, and mark the solemn fast
 which to the Lord is dear;
 Disdain the false unhallow'd mask
 which vain dissemblers wear.

II.

II.

Do I delight in sorrow's dress?
 saith he who reigns above;
 The hanging head and rueful look,
 will they attract my love?

III.

Let such as feel oppression's load,
 thy tender pity share;
 And let the helpless homeless poor
 be thy peculiar care.

IV.

Go, bid the hungry orphan be
 with thy abundance bless'd;
 Invite the wand'rer to thy gate,
 and spread the couch of rest.

V.

Let him who pines with piercing cold:
 by thee be warm'd and clad;
 Be thine the blissful task to make
 the downcast mourner glad.

VI.

Then, like the morning, shall come forth:
 in peace and joy, thy days;
 And glory from the Lord above
 shall shine on all thy ways.

XXIX.

LAMENT. iii. 37.—40.

I.
A Midst the mighty, where is he
 who saith, and it is done?
 Each varying scene of changeful life
 is from the Lord alone.

II.
 He gives in gladsome bow'rs to dwell,
 or pine in sorrow's shroud;
 His hand hath form'd the light, his hand
 hath form'd the dark'ning cloud.

III.
 Why should a living man complain
 beneath the chast'ning rod?
 Our sins afflict us; and the cross
 must bring us back to God.

IV.
 O sons of men! with anxious care
 your hearts and ways explore;
 Return from paths of vice to God;
 return, and sin no more!

XXX.

HOSEA, VI. 1.—4.

I.

COME, let us to the Lord our God
with contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
the desolate to mourn.

II.

His voice commands the tempest forth,
and stills the stormy wave;
And though his arm be strong to smite,
'tis also strong to save.

III.

Long hath the night of sorrow reign'd;
the dawn shall bring us light;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
rejoicing in his sight.

IV.

Then shall we know his grace and love,
if him we make our choice:
His coming like the morn shall be,
like morning-songs his voice.

V.

As dew upon the tender herb,
 diffusing fragrance round;
 As show'rs that usher in the spring,
 and cheer the thirsty ground;

VI.

So shall his presence bless our souls,
 and shed a joyful light;
 That hallow'd morn shall chase away
 the sorrows of the night.

XXXI.

MICAH, vi. 6.—9.

I.

O How shall man with hallow'd rites
 adore the pow'r divine?
 Or bend a suppliant in his courts
 accepted at his shrine?

II.

Shall clouds of incense to the skies
 with grateful odour speed?
 Or victims from a thousand hills
 upon the altar bleed?

III.

Does justice nobler blood demand
to save the sinner's life?
Shall, trembling, in his offspring's side,
the father plunge the knife?

IV.

No: God rejects the bloody rites
which blindfold zeal began;
His oracles of truth proclaim
the message brought to man.

V.

He what is good hath clearly shown,
O favour'd race! to thee;
And what his law requires of those
who bend to him the knee.

VI.

Thy deeds, let sacred justice rule;
thy heart, let mercy fill;
And, humbly walking with thy God,
To him resign thy will.

XXXII.

HABAK. iii. 17. 18.

I.

WHat though no flow'rs the fig-tree
clothe,
though vines their fruit deny;
The labour of the olive fail,
and fields no meat supply?

H.

Though from the fold, with sad surprise,
my flock cut off I see;
Though famine pines in empty stalls
where herds were wont to be?

III.

Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
and glory in his love;
In him I'll joy, who will the God
of my salvation prove.

IV.

He to my tardy feet shall lend
the swiftness of the roe;
Till I shall reach those fertile heights
where fruits perennial grow.

V.

V.

God is the treasure of my soul,
 the source of lasting joy,
 A joy, which want shall not impair,
 nor death itself destroy.

XXXIII.

MATTH. vi. 9.—14.

I.

FAther of all! we bow to thee,
 who dwell'st in heav'n ador'd;
 But present still through all thy works,
 the universal Lord.

II.

All hallow'd be thy sacred name,
 o'er all the nations known;
 Advance the kingdom of thy grace,
 and let thy glory come.

III.

A grateful homage may we yield,
 with hearts resign'd to thee;
 And as in heav'n thy will is done,
 on earth so let it be.

IV.

IV.

From day to day we humbly own
the hand that feeds us still ;
Give us our bread ; and teach to rest
contented in thy will.

V.

Our sins before thee we confess ;
O may they be forgiv'n !
As we to others mercy show,
we mercy beg from Heav'n.

VI.

Our life let still thy grace direct ;
from evil guard our way ;
And in temptation's fatal path
permit us not to stray.

VII.

For thine the pow'r, the kingdom thine ;
all glory's due to thee ;
Thine from eternity they were,
and thine shall ever be.

XXXIV.

MATTH. xi. 25. to the end.

V

THus spoke the Saviour of the world,
and rais'd his eyes to heav'n;
To thee, O Father! Lord of all,
eternal praise be giv'n.

II.

Thou to the pure and lowly mind
hast heavenly truth reveal'd;
Which from the self-conceited crowd
thy wisdom hath conceal'd.

III.

Even so, thou Father! hast ordain'd
thy high decree to stand;
Nor men nor angels may presume
the reason to demand.

IV.

Thou only know'st the Son; from thee
my glory I receive;
And give to none to know thy name,
but who in me believe.

V.

V.

'Come then to me, all ye who groan,
with guilt and fears oppress'd;
Enter the sanctuary where I
prepared have your rest.

VI.

'Take up my yoke, and learn of me
the meek and lowly mind;
And then your weary troubled souls
repose and peace shall find.

VII.

'For light and gentle is my yoke;
the burden I impose,
From hearts oppress'd with conscious guilt
removes the load of woes.

XXXV.

MATTH. xxvi. 26.—29.

I.

'**T**Was on that night when doom'd to
The eager rage of every foe, [know
That night in which he was betray'd,
The Saviour of the world took bread,

H

II.

II.

And, after thanks and glory giv'n
 To him that rules in earth and heav'n;
 That symbol of his flesh he broke,
 And thus to all his followers spoke :

III.

My broken body thus I give
 For you, for all ; take, eat, and live ;
 And oft the sacred rite renew,
 That brings my wondrous love to view.

IV.

Then taking in his hands the cup,
 To Heav'n again he thanks sent up ;
 While kindness in his bosom glow'd,
 And from his lips salvation flow'd.

V.

My blood I thus pour forth, he cries,
 To cleanse the soul in sin that lies ;
 In this the covenant is seal'd,
 And Heav'n's eternal grace reveal'd.

VI.

With love to man this cup is fraught,
 Let all partake the sacred draught ;
 Through latest ages let it pour
 In mem'ry of my dying hour.

XXXVI.

LUKE, i. 46.—56.

I.

MY soul and spirit, fill'd with joy,
my God and Saviour praise,
Whose goodness did from poor estate
his humble handmaid raise.

II.

Me bless'd of God, the God of might,
all ages shall proclaim ;
From age to age his mercy lasts,
and holy is his name.

III.

Strength with his arm th' Almighty shew'd ;
the proud, his looks abas'd ;
He cast the mighty to the ground,
the meek, to honour rais'd.

IV.

The hungry with good things were fill'd,
the rich with hunger pin'd ;
He sent his servant Israel help,
and call'd his love to mind ;

V.

Which to our fathers ancient race
his oath did once ensure,
To Abraham and his chosen seed,
for ever to endure.

XXXVII.

LUKE, ii. 8.—15.

I.

WHile humble shepherds watch'd their
flocks
in Bethleh'm's plains by night;
An angel sent from heav'n appear'd,
and fill'd the plains with light.

II.

Fear not, he said, (for sudden dread
had seiz'd their troubled mind);
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
to you and all mankind.

III.

To you in David's town this day
is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
and this shall be the sign :

IV.

IV.

The heav'nly babe you there shall find
to human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swaddling bands,
and in a manger laid.

V.

Thus spake the seraph ; and forthwith
appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God ; and thus
address'd their joyful song :

VI.

All glory be to God on high,
and to the earth be peace ;
Good will is shewn by Heav'n to men,
and never more shall cease.

XXXVIII.

LUKE. ii. 25.—33.

I.

JUST and devout old Simeon liv'd ;
to him it was reveal'd,
That Christ, the Lord, his eyes should see
ere death his eye-lids seal'd.

II.

II.

For this consoling gift of Heav'n
to Israel's fallen state,
From year to year with patient hope
the aged saint did wait.

III.

Nor did he wait in vain ; for, lo !
revolving years brought round,
In season due, the happy day,
which all his wishes crown'd.

IV.

When Jesus, by the Virgin brought ;
so runs the law of Heav'n ;
Was offer'd holy to the Lord,
and at the altar giv'n ;

V.

Simeon, that day, into God's house
a heav'nly impulse drew ;
He saw the Virgin hold her Son,
and straight his Lord he knew.

VI.

With holy joy upon his face
the good old father smil'd ;
Then, fondly, in his wither'd arms
he clasp'd the promis'd child ;

VII.

VII.

And while he held the heav'n-born babe,
ordain'd to bless mankind,
Thus spoke, with earnest look, and heart
exulting, yet resign'd:

VIII.

Now let thy servant part in peace,
according to thy word;
For my rejoicing eyes have seen
thy great salvation, Lord!

IX.

At length my arms embrace my Lord,
now let their vigour cease;
At last my eyes my Saviour see,
now let them close in peace.

X.

This great salvation, long prepar'd,
and now disclos'd to view,
Hath prov'd thy love was constant still,
and promises were true.

XI.

That Sun I now behold, whose light
shall Heathen darkness chase;
And rays of brightest glory pour
around thy chosen race.

XXXIX.

LUKE, iv. 18. 19.

I.

HArk, the glad sound, the Saviour comes!
the Saviour promis'd long;
Let every heart exult with joy,
and ev'ry voice be song!

II.

On him the Spirit, largely shed,
exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
his holy breast inspire.

III.

He comes! the pris'ners to relieve
in Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
the iron fetters yield.

IV.

He comes, from dark'ning scales of vice
to clear the inward sight,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
to pour celestial light.

V.

V.

He comes, the broken hearts to bind,
the bleeding souls to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
enrich the humble poor.

VI.

Th' accepted year has now revolv'd,
the jubilee of the Lord,
When Heav'n's high promise is fulfill'd,
and Israel is restor'd.

VII.

Our glad hosannahs, Prince of Peace!
thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heav'n's exalted arches ring
with thy beloved name.

XL.

LUKE, xv. 13.—25.

I.

THE wretched prodigal behold
in mis'ry lying low,
Whom vice had sunk from high estate,
and plung'd in want and woe.

I

II.

II.

While I, despis'd and scorn'd, he cries,
 starve in a foreign land,
 The meanest in my father's house
 is fed with bounteous hand :

III.

I'll go, and with a mourning voice
 fall down before his face :
 Father ! I've sinn'd 'gainst Heav'n and thee,
 nor can deserve thy grace.

IV.

He said, and hasten'd to his home
 to seek his father's love ;
 The father saw him from afar,
 and all his bowels move :

V.

He ran, and fell upon his neck,
 embrac'd and kiss'd his son ;
 The grieving prodigal bewail'd
 the follies he had done.

VI.

No more, my father, can I hope
 to find paternal grace ;
 My utmost boon is to obtain
 a servant's humble place.

VII.

VII.

Bring forth the fairest robe for him,
the joyful father said;
To him each mark of grace be shown,
and every honour paid.

VIII.

A day of feasting I ordain;
let mirth and song abound;
My son was dead, and lives again,
was lost, and now is found.

IX.

Thus joy abounds in paradise,
among the hosts of heav'n,
Soon as the sinner quits his sins,
repents, and is forgiv'n.

XLI.

JOHN, iii. 14.—19.

I.

AS when the Hebrew prophet rais'd
the brazen serpent high,
The wounded look'd, and straight were
the people ceas'd to die; [cur'd,

I. 2

II.

II.

So Christ was rais'd upon the cross,
the dying to revive;
To him the bleeding nations look,
and endless life receive.

III.

How great's the mercy of our God!
how glorious is his grace!
Who made his Son a sacrifice
to save our wretched race.

IV.

Not to condemn the sons of men
the Son of God appear'd;
No weapons in his hand are seen,
nor voice of terror heard.

V.

Let sinners hearken to his voice,
and in his name believe;
He'll guide them in the paths of life,
and peace and pardon give.

VI.

But vengeance just for ever lies
on all the rebel race,
Who God's eternal Son despise,
and scorn his offer'd grace.

XLII.

JOHN, xiv. 1.—7.

I.

LET not your hearts with anxious thoughts
 be troubled or dismay'd;
 But trust in Providence divine,
 and trust my gracious aid.

II.

I to my Father's house return,
 there numerous mansions stand;
 And glory manifold abounds
 through all the happy land.

III.

I go your entrance to secure,
 and your abode prepare;
 Regions unknown are safe to you
 when I your friend am there.

IV.

Thence shall I come, when ages close,
 to take you home with me;
 There we shall meet to part no more,
 and still together be.

V.

V.

I am the way, the truth, the life ::
no son of human race,
But such as I conduct and guide,
shall see my Father's face.

XLIII.

JOHN, xiv. 25.—28.

I.

YOU now must hear my voice no more ;
my Father calls me home ;
But from the heav'ns the Holy Ghost
your Comforter shall come.

II.

Him, the great Father, in my name,
will send your guide to be ;
Reviving every sacred truth
that you have heard from me.

III.

Peace to your souls I parting give ;
my peace to you bequeath ;
Peace that shall comfort you through life,
and cheer your souls in death.

IV.

IV.

I give not, as the world bestows,
with promise false and vain ;
Nor cares, nor fears, shall wound the heart
in which my words remain.

XLIV.

JOHN, xix. 30.

I.

BEhold the Saviour on the cross,
a spectacle of woe !
See from his agonizing wounds
the blood incessant flow,

II.

Till death's pale ensigns o'er his cheek,
and trembling lips were spread ;
Till light forsook his closing eyes,
and life his drooping head.

III.

'Tis finish'd, was his latest voice ;
these sacred accents o'er,
He bow'd his head, gave up the ghost,
and suffer'd pain no more.

IV.

IV.

'Tis finish'd — The Messiah dies
for sins, but not his own ;
The great redemption is complete,
and Satan's pow'r o'erthrown.

V.

'Tis finish'd — All his groans are past ;
his blood, his pain, and toils,
Have fully vanquished our foes,
and crown'd him with their spoils.

VI.

'Tis finish'd — Legal worship ends,
and gospel ages run ;
All old things now are past away,
and a new world begun.

XLV.

ROMANS, ii. 4.—8.

I.

UNgrateful sinners ! whence this scorn
of God's long-suffering grace ?
And whence this madness that insults
th' Almighty to his face ?

II.

II.

Is it because his patience waits,
 and pitying bowels move,
 You multiply transgressions more,
 and scorn his offer'd love?

III.

Dost thou not know, self-blinded man!
 his goodness is design'd
 To move repentance in thy soul,
 and melt thy harden'd mind?

IV.

And wilt thou rather chuse to meet
 th' Almighty as thy foe,
 And treasure up his wrath in store
 against the day of woe?

V.

Soon shall that fatal day approach,
 that must thy sentence seal,
 And righteous judgements now unknown
 in awful pomp reveal;

VI.

While they who fought by holy deeds
 to endless life to rise,
 Shall from th' impartial Judge's voice
 receive the glorious prize.

XLVI.

ROMANS, iii. 19.—22.

I.

VAin are the hopes the sons of men
upon their works have built ;
Their hearts' by nature are unclean,
their actions full of guilt.

II.

Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouth,
without a murm'ring word ;
And the whole race of Adam stand
guilty before the Lord.

III.

No hope can on the law be built
of justifying grace ;
The law that shows the sinner's guilt
condemns him to his face.

IV.

Jesus ! how glorious is thy grace !
when in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
that makes the sinner just.

XLVII.

ROMANS, vi. 1.—7.

I.

AND shall we then go on to sin,
that grace may more abound?
Great God forbid that in our breast
the thought may e'er be found!

II.

When to the sacred fount we came,
did not the rite proclaim,
That, wash'd from sin, and all its stains,
new creatures we became?

III.

With Christ the Lord we died to sin;
with him to life we rise,
To life, which now begun on earth
is perfect in the skies.

IV.

Too long enthrall'd to Satan's sway,
we now are slaves no more;
For Christ hath vanquish'd death and sin,
our freedom to restore.

K 2.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

ROMANS, viii. 31. to the end

I.

LET Christian faith and hope dispell
the fears of guilt and woe;
The Lord Almighty is our friend,
and who can prove a foe?

II.

He who his Son most dear and lov'd
gave up for us to die,
Shall he not all things freely give
that goodness can supply?

III.

Behold the best, the greatest gift,
of everlasting love!
Behold the pledge of peace below,
and perfect bliss above!

IV.

Where is the judge, who can condemn,
since God hath justified?
Who shall charge those with guilt or crime,
for whom the Saviour died?

V.

V.

The Saviour died, but rose again
triumphant from the grave;
And pleads our cause at God's right hand,
omnipotent to save.

VI.

Who, then, can e'er divide us more
from Jesus and his love,
Or break the sacred chain that binds
the earth to heav'n above?

VII.

Let troubles rise, and terrors frown,
and days of darkness fall;
Through him all dangers we'll defy,
and more than conquer all.

VIII.

Nor death nor life, nor earth nor hell,
nor time's destroying sway,
Can e'er efface us from his heart,
or make his love decay.

IX.

Each future period that will bless
as it has bless'd the past;
He lov'd us from the first of time;
he loves us to the last.

XLIX.

I CORINTH. xiii.

I.

THough perfect eloquence adorn'd
 my sweet persuading tongue,
 Though I could speak in higher strains
 than ever angel sung ;

II.

Though prophecy my soul inspir'd,
 and made all myst'ries plain ;
 Yet, were I void of Christian love,
 these gifts were all in vain.

III.

Nay, though my faith with boundless pow'r
 ev'n mountains could remove,
 I still am nothing, if I'm void
 of charity and love.

IV.

Though with my goods the poor I fed,
 my body to the flame
 In quest of martyrdom I gave,
 even this were all in vain.

V.

V.

Love suffers long; love envies not;
but love is ever kind;
She never boasteth of her self,
nor proudly lifts the mind.

VI.

Love harbours no suspicious thought,
is patient to the bad;
Griev'd when she hears of sins and crimes,
and in the truth is glad.

VII.

Love no unseemly carriage shows,
nor to herself confin'd,
She glows with social tenderness,
and feels for all mankind.

VIII.

Love beareth much, much she believes,
and still she hopes the best;
Love meekly suffers many a wrong,
though sore with hardship press'd.

IX.

Love still shall hold an endless reign,
in earth and heav'n above,
When tongues shall cease, and prophets fail,
and every gift but love.

X.

X.

Here all our gifts imperfect are;
but better days draw nigh,
When perfect light shall pour its rays,
and all those shadows fly.

XI.

Like children here we speak and think,
amus'd with childish toys;
But when our powers their manhood reach,
we'll scorn our present joys.

XII.

Now dark and dim, as through a glass,
are God and truth beheld;
Then shall we see, as face to face,
and God shall be unveil'd.

XIII.

Faith, Hope, and Love, now dwell on earth,
and earth by them is blest;
But Faith and Hope must yield to Love,
of all the graces, best.

XIV.

Hope shall to full fruition rise,
and Faith be fight above;
These are the means, but this the end;
for saints for ever love.

L.

I CORINTH. xv. 52. to the end.

I.

When the last trumpet's awful voice,
 this rending earth shall shake,
 When opening graves shall yield their charge,
 and dust to life awake,

II.

Those bodies that corrupted fell,
 shall incorrupted rise ;
 And mortal forms shall spring to life
 immortal in the skies.

III.

Behold, what heav'nly prophets sung,
 is now at last fulfill'd,
 That Death should yield its ancient reign,
 and quit the vanquish'd field.

IV.

Let Faith exalt her joyful voice,
 and thus begin to sing :
 O Grave ! where is thy triumph now ?
 and where, O Death ! thy sting ?

L

V.

V.

Thy sting was sin, and conscious guilt;
 'twas this that arm'd thy dart;
 The law gave sin its strength, and force
 to pierce the sinner's heart.

VI.

But God, whose name be ever blest,
 disarms that foe we dread,
 And makes us conqu'rors when we die,
 through Christ our living head.

VII.

Then let our hearts be constant still,
 and still our ardour rise;
 Affur'd we labour not in vain,
 but for a heav'nly prize.

LI.

2 CORINTH. V. I.—II.

I.

Soon shall this earthly frame dissolv'd
 in death and ruins lie;
 But better mansions wait the just,
 prepar'd above the sky.

II.

II.

An house eternal, built by God,
shall lodge the holy mind ;
When once those prison-walls have fall'n,
by which 'tis now confin'd.

III.

Hence, burden'd with this load of clay,
our weary spirits groan,
Till Death's kind hand shall set them free,
and God shall bring them home.

IV.

We know that when the soul uncloath'd
shall from this body flie,
'Twill animate a purer frame,
with life that cannot die.

V.

Such are the hopes that cheer the just ;
these hopes their God hath giv'n ;
His Spirit is the earnest now,
and seals their souls for heav'n.

VI.

We walk by faith of joys to come,
faith grounded on his word ;
But while this body is our home,
we mourn an absent Lord.

VII.

What faith rejoices to believe,
we long and pant to see ;
We would be absent from the flesh,
and present, Lord ! with thee.

VIII.

But still, or here, or going hence,
to this our labours tend,
That in his service spent, our life
may in his favour end.

IX.

For, lo ! before the Son, as Judge,
th' assembled world shall stand,
To take the punishment or prize
from his unerring hand.

X.

Impartial retributions then
our different lives await ;
Our present actions, good or bad,
shall fix our future fate.

LII.

PHILIP. ii. 6. — 12.

I.

YE who the name of Jesus bear,
 his sacred steps pursue;
 And let that mind which was in him
 be also found in you.

II.

Though in the form of God he was,
 his Son, and image bright;
 And to be equally ador'd
 not any robb'ry thought;

III.

His greatness he for us abas'd,
 for us his glory veil'd;
 In human likeness dwelt on earth,
 his majesty conceal'd:

IV.

Nor only as a man appears,
 but stoops a servant low;
 Submits to death, nay bears the cross
 in all its shame and woe.

V.

V.

Hence God with honours just hath crown'd:
his generous love to men,
Supreme hath set him o'er his works,
and highly rais'd his name ;

VI.

That at his name, with sacred awe,
each humbled knee should bow,
Of hosts immortal in the skies,
and nations spread below ;

VII.

That all the prostrate pow'rs of hell:
might tremble at his word,
And every tribe, and every tongue,
confess that he is Lord.

LIII.

1. THESSAL. iv. 13. to the end.

I.

TAke comfort, Christians! when your
in Jesus fall asleep ; [friends
Their better being never ends ;
why then dejected weep ?

II.

II.

Why inconsolable, as those
to whom no hope is giv'n?
Death is the messenger of peace,
and wafts the soul to heav'n.

III.

As Jesus died, and rose again
victorious from the dead;
So his disciples rise, and reign
with their triumphant head.

IV.

The time draws nigh, when from the clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend,
And the last trumpet's awful voice
the heav'ns and earth shall rend.

V.

Then they who live shall changed be,
and they who sleep shall wake;
The graves shall yield their ancient charge,
and earth's foundations shake.

VI.

The saints of God, from death set free,
with joy shall mount on high;
The heav'nly hosts with praises loud
shall meet them in the sky.

VII.

VII.

Together to their Father's house
with joyful hearts they go;
And dwell for ever with the Lord
beyond the reach of woe.

VIII.

A few short years of evil past,
we reach the happy shore,
Where death-divided friends at last
shall meet to part no more.

LIV.

2 TIM. i. 12.

I.

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
or to defend his cause,
Maintain the glory of his cross,
and honour all his laws.

II.

Jesus, my Lord! I know his name,
his name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
nor let my hope be lost.

III.

III.

Firm as his throne his promise stands,
and he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands
till the decisive hour.

IV.

Then will he own his servant's name
before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
appoint my soul a place.

LV.

2 TIM. iv. 6. 7. 8. 18.

I.

MY race is run; my warfare's o'er;
the solemn hour is nigh,
When, offer'd up to God, my soul
shall wing its flight on high.

II.

With heav'nly weapons I have fought:
the battles of the Lord;
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
and wait the sure reward.

M.

III.

III.

God hath laid up in heav'n for me
a crown which cannot fade ;
The righteous Judge at that great day
shall place it on my head.

IV.

Nor hath the Sov'reign Lord decreed
this prize for me alone ;
But for all such as love like me
th' appearance of his Son.

V.

From every snare and evil work
his grace shall me defend,
And to his heav'nly kingdom safe,
shall bring me in the end.

VI.

God is my everlasting aid ;
I glory in his name ;
To him be every honour paid,
and endless praise : Amen.

LVI.

TITUS, iii. 3.—9.

I.

LOrd, we confess our num'rous faults ;
 how great our guilt has been !
 Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
 and all our lives were sin.

II.

But, O my soul ! for ever praise,
 for ever love his name,
 Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways
 of folly, sin, and shame.

III.

'Tis not by works of righteousness
 which we ourselves have done ;
 But we are sav'd by sov'reign grace,
 abounding through his Son.

IV.

'Tis from the mercy of our God
 that all our hopes begin ;
 His mercy sav'd our souls from death,
 and wash'd our souls from sin.

V.

His Spirit, through the Saviour shed,
its sacred fire imparts,
Refines our dross, and love divine
rekindles in our hearts.

VI.

Thence, rais'd from death, we live anew,
and, justify'd by grace,
We hope in glory to appear,
and see our Father's face.

VII.

Let all who hold this faith and hope
in holy deeds abound;
Thus only faith is genuine prov'd,
by active virtue crown'd.

LVII.

HEB. iv. 14. to the end.

I.

JEsus, the Son of God, who once
for us his life resign'd,
Now lives in heav'n our great High Priest,
and never-dying friend.

H.

II.

Through life, through death, let us to him
with constancy adhere;
Faith shall supply new strength, and hope
shall banish every fear.

III.

To human weakness not severe
is our High Priest above;
His heart o'erflows with tenderness,
his bowels melt with love.

IV.

With sympathetic feelings touch'd,
he knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations are,
for he has felt the same.

V.

But though he felt temptation's pow'r,
yet sin he never knew;
And from the frailty of our frame
he no defilement drew.

VI.

As in the days of feeble flesh
he pour'd forth cries and tears;
So, though exalted, still he feels
what ev'ry Christian bears.

VII.

VII.

Then let us to the throne of grace
with holy boldness come,
There to pour forth our hearts, and there
make all our sorrows known ;

VIII.

That we may find propitious aids,
of mercy and of pow'r,
To fortify our fainting soul
in the distressful hour.

LVIII.

Another version of the same passage.

I.

WHere high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with
A great High Priest our nature wears ; [hands,
The guardian of mankind appears.

II.

He who for men their surety stood,
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heav'n his mighty plan,
The Saviour, and the friend of man.

III.

III.

Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

IV.

Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, his agonies, and cries.

V.

In ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
The man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

VI.

With boldness therefore at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aids of heav'nly pow'r,
To help us in the evil hour.

LIX.

HEB. xii. 1.—13.

I.

BEhold what witnesses unseen
 encompass us around ;
 Men once like us with suff'ring tried ;
 but now with glory crown'd.

II.

Let us, with zeal like theirs inspir'd,
 begin the Christian race,
 And, freed from each encumb'ring weight,
 their holy footsteps trace.

III.

Behold a pattern nobler still,
 that claims our first regard,
 Jesus, who leads us in our faith,
 and crowns it with reward.

IV.

Look upwards to this glorious chief,
 whom future joy could move
 To bear the cross, despise the shame ;
 and now he reigns above.

V.

V.

If he the scorn of wicked men
with patience did sustain;
Becomes it you, with swelling hearts,
to murmur or complain?

VI.

Have ye, like him, to blood, to death,
the cause of truth maintain'd?
And is your heav'nly Father's voice
forgotten or disdain'd?

VII.

My son, saith he, with patient mind
endure the chaf'ning rod;
Believe, when by affliction tried,
that thou art lov'd by God:

VIII.

His children thus most dear to him,
their heav'nly Father trains,
Through all the hard experience led
of sorrows and of pains:

IX.

'Tis thus we know he owns us his,
when we correction share;
Nor wander as a bastard race,
without our Father's care.

X.

A father's voice with rev'rence we
on earth have often heard ;
The Father of our spirits now
demands the same regard.

XI.

Our fathers here, with erring hand
may sometimes deal the rod ;
But Heav'n's wise chastisements are sent
to raise the soul to God.

XII.

Though rough and thorny now they seem,
and spread a field of woe,
Yet planted there the peaceful fruits
of righteousness shall grow.

XIII.

Then, let our hearts no more despond,
our hands be weak no more,
Still let us trust our Father's love,
his wisdom still adore.

LX.

HEB. xiii. 20. 21.

I.

FAther of peace, and God of love!
 we own thy pow'r to save,
 That pow'r by which our Shepherd rose
 victorious o'er the grave.

II.

Him from the dead thou brought'st again,
 when by his sacred blood,
 Confirm'd and seal'd for evermore,
 th' eternal cov'nant stood.

III.

O may thy Spirit seal our souls,
 and mold them to thy will,
 That our weak hearts no more may stray,
 but keep thy precepts still;

IV.

That to perfection's sacred height
 we nearer still may rise,
 And all we think, and all we do,
 be pleasing in thine eyes.

LXI.

1 PET. i. 3.—5.

I.

Bless'd be the everlasting God,
 the Father of our Lord;
 Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
 his Majesty ador'd.

II.

When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
 and call'd him to the sky,
 He gave our souls a lively hope
 that they should never die.

III.

To an inheritance divine
 he taught our hearts to rise;
 'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
 unfading, in the skies.

IV.

Saints by the pow'r of God are kept
 till the salvation come:
 We walk by faith as strangers here;
 but Christ shall call us home.

LXII.

2 PET. iii. 3.—14.

I.

LO! in the last of days behold
 a faithless race arise;
 Their lawless lust, their only rule;
 and thus the scoffer cries :

II.

Where is the promise deem'd so true
 that spoke the Saviour near?
 E'er since our fathers slept in dust,
 no change has reach'd our ear.

III.

Years roll'd on years successive glide,
 since first the world began,
 And on the tide of time still floats
 secure, the bark of man.

IV.

Thus speaks the scoffer ; but his words
 conceal the truth he knows,
 That first from floating waters brought
 primæval nature rose.

V.

V.

But when the sons of men began
 with one consent to stray,
 At Heav'n's command, a deluge swept
 the godless race away.

VI.

A different fate is now prepar'd
 for Nature's trembling frame;
 Soon shall her orbs be all enwrapt
 in one devouring flame.

VII.

Reserv'd are sinners for the hour
 when to the gulph below,
 Arm'd with the hand of sov'reign pow'r,
 the judge consigns his foe.

VIII.

Though now, ye just! the time appears
 protracted, dark, unknown,
 An hour, a day, a thousand years,
 to heav'n's great Lord are one.

IX.

Still all may share his sov'reign grace,
 in ev'ry change secure;
 The meek, the suppliant contrite race
 shall find his mercy sure.

X.

X.

The contrite race he counts his friends,
forbids the suppliants fall;
Condemns reluctant, but extends
the hope of grace to all.

XI.

Yet as the night-wrap'd thief who lurks
to seize th' expected prize,
Thus steals the hour, when Christ shall come,
and thunder rend the skies.

XII.

Then at the loud, the solemn peal,
the heav'ns shall burst away;
The elements shall melt in flame
at Nature's final day.

XIII.

Since all this frame of things must end,
as Heav'n has so decreed,
How wise to guard our thoughts from sin,
and watch o'er ev'ry deed;

XIV.

Expecting calm th' appointed hour,
when, Nature's conflict o'er,
New heav'ns shall speak their Sov'reign's
and purer worlds adore. [pow'r,

LXIII.

1 JOHN, iii. 1.—4.

I.

BEhold th' amazing gift of love
the Father hath bestow'd:
On us the sinful sons of men,
to call us sons of God.

II.

Conceal'd as yet this honour lies
by this dark world unknown,
A world that knew not when he came,
ev'n God's eternal Son.

III.

High is the station we possess;
but higher we shall rise;
Though what we'll be in future worlds
is hid from mortal eyes:

IV.

Yet this we know, our souls shall then
their God, their Saviour see,
Unveil'd behold him, and transform'd
unto his likeness be.

V.

V.

A hope so great and so divine
may trials well endure,
And purge the soul from sense and sin
as Christ himself is pure.

LXIV.

REV. i. 5.—9.

I.

TO him that lov'd the souls of men,
and wash'd us in his blood,
To royal honours rais'd our head,
and made us priests to God ;

II.

To him let ev'ry tongue be praise,
and ev'ry heart be love!
All grateful honours paid on earth,
and nobler songs above!

III.

Behold, on flying clouds he comes!
his saints shall bless the day ;
While they that pierc'd him sadly mourn
in anguish and dismay.

O

IV.

IV.

I am the First, and I the Last;
time centers all in me;
Th' Almighty God, who was, and is,
and evermore shall be.

LXV.

REV. v. 6. to the end.

I.

BEhold the glories of the Lamb
amidst his Father's throne;
Prepare new honours for his name,
and songs before unknown.

II.

Lo! elders worship at his feet;
the church adores around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
and harps of sweetest sound.

III.

These are the prayers of the saints,
and these the hymns they raise;
He bends his ear to our complaints,
he loves to hear our praise.

IV.

IV.

Eternal Father ! who shall look
 into thy secret will ?
 Who but the Son shall take that book,
 and open ev'ry seal ?

V.

Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
 be endless blessings paid ;
 Salvation, glory, joy remain
 for ever on thy head.

VI.

From ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tongue,
 thou brought'st thy chosen race ;
 And distant lands and isles have felt
 the riches of thy grace.

VII.

Thou hast redeem'd us with thy blood ;
 hast set the pris'ners free ;
 Hast made us kings and priests to God,
 and we shall reign with thee.

VIII.

Hark ! how th' adoring hosts above,
 with songs surround the throne ;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 but all their hearts are one.

IX.

Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
to be exalted thus ;
Worthy the Lamb, let us reply,
for he was slain for us.

X.

Jesus is worthy to receive
honour and pow'r divine ;
And blessings more than we can give
be, Lord ! for ever thine.

XI.

Let all that dwell above the sky,
or on the earth below,
With fields, and floods, and ocean's shores,
to thee their homage show.

XII.

Let all the creatures join in one
to bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
and to adore the Lamb.

LXVI.

REV. vii. 13. to the end.

I.

HOW bright these glorious spirits shine?
whence all their white array?
How came they to the blisful seats
of everlasting day?

II.

Lo! these are they, to endless joy,
from suff'rings great who came,
And wash'd their raiment in the blood
of Christ the dying Lamb.

III.

Now they approach a holy God,
and bow before his throne,
With hearts enlarg'd to serve him still
and make his glory known.

IV.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the bless'd abodes,
with glad hosannahs ring.

V.

V.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
nor suns with scorching ray ;
God is their sun, whose chearing beams
diffuse eternal day.

VI.

The Lamb shall lead his heav'nly flock,
where living waters rise ;
And love divine shall wipe away
the sorrows of their eyes.

LXVII.

REV. xxi. 1.—9.

I.

LO! what a glorious sight appears
to our admiring eyes !
The earth and seas are past away,
and the old rolling skies.

II.

From heav'n the new Jerus'lem comes,
all worthy of its Lord ;
See all things now at last renew'd,
and paradise restor'd !

III.

III.

Attending angels shout for joy,
and the bright armies sing,
Mortals ! behold the sacred seat
of your descending King.

IV.

The God of glory down to men
removes his bless'd abode ;
He dwells with men ; his people, they,
and he, his people's God.

V.

His gracious hand shall wipe the tears
from every weeping eye ;
And pains and groans, and griefs and fears,
and death itself, shall die.

VI.

Behold, I change all human things !
thus speaks th' eternal One ;
The world shall vanish from its place,
and time shall cease to run.

VII.

I am the First, and I the Last,
through endless years the same ;
I AM, is my memorial still,
and my eternal name.

VIII.

VIII.

Such blessings as become my pow'r,
my royal grace bestows ;
Ho, ye that thirst ! approach the stream
where life and pleasure flows.

IX.

The saint that triumphs o'er his sins,
I'll own him for a son ;
And all creation shall confess
the conquests he hath won.

X.

But bloody hands, and hearts unclean,
and all the lying race,
The faithless, and the scoffing crew
who spurn at offer'd grace,

XI.

They shall be taken from my sight,
bound fast in iron chains,
And headlong plung'd into the lake
where fire and darkness reigns.

XII.

O may we stand before the Lamb,
when earth and seas are fled,
And hear the Judge pronounce our name,
with blessings on our head !

H Y M N S.

H Y M N S.

H Y M N I.

I.

When all thy mercies, O my God!
my rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
in wonder, love, and praise.

II.

O how shall words with equal warmth,
the gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
but Thou canst read it there.

III.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
and all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
and hung upon the breast.

P.

IV.

IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries
 thy mercy lent an ear,
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
 to form themselves in pray'r.

V.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
 thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd,
 from whom these comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
 with heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
 and led me up to man :

VII.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
 it gently clear'd my way ;
 And through the pleasing snares of vice,
 more to be fear'd than they.

VIII.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
 with health renew'd my face ;
 And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
 reviv'd my soul with grace.

IX.

IX.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
hath made my cup run o'er ;
And in a kind and faithful friend
hath doubled all my store.

X.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
my daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a-cheerful heart
that tastes these gifts with joy.

XI.

Through every period of my life
thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
the glorious theme renew.

XII.

When nature fails, and day and night
divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
thy mercy shall adore.

XIII.

Through all eternity, to thee
a joyful song I'll raise ;
For, oh ! eternity's too short
to utter all thy praise.

H Y M N II.

I.

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangl'd heav'ns, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.

II.

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's pow'r display ;
 And publishes to ev'ry land
 The work of an almighty hand.

III.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the list'ning earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth ;

IV.

While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as thy roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

V.

V.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?

VI.

In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us, is divine."

H Y M N III.

I.

When rising from the bed of death,
o'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker, face to face,
O how shall I appear!

II.

If yet while pardon may be found,
and mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
and trembles at the thought,

III.

III.

When thou, O Lord! shalt stand disclos'd
in majesty severe,
And sit in judgement on my soul,
O how shall I appear!

IV.

But thou hast told the troubled mind
who doth her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
shall endless woes prevent.

V.

Then see the sorrows of my heart,
ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
to give those sorrows weight.

VI.

For never shall my soul despair
her pardon to procure.
Who knows thine only Son has dy'd,
to make her pardon sure.

HYMN

H Y M N IV.

I.

Blest morning! whose first dawning rays
 beheld the Son of God
 Arise triumphant from the grave,
 and leave his dark abode.

II.

Wrapt in the silence of the tomb
 the great Redeemer lay,
 Till the revolving skies had brought
 the third, th' appointed day.

III.

Hell and the grave unite their force
 to hold our Lord in vain;
 Sudden, the conqueror arose,
 and burst their feeble chain.

IV.

To thy great name, Almighty Lord!
 we sacred honours pay,
 And loud hosannahs shall proclaim
 the triumphs of the day.

V.

Salvation and immortal praise
to our victorious King!

Let heav'n and earth, and rocks and seas,
with glad hosannahs ring,

VI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
the God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, and is,
and shall be evermore.

H Y M N V.

I.

THE hour of my departure's come;
I hear the voice that calls me home;;
At last, O Lord! let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.

II.

The race appointed I have run;
The combat's o'er; the prize is won;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record's in the sky.

III.

III.

Not in mine innocence I trust;
I bow before thee in the dust;
And through my Saviour's blood alone
I look for mercy at thy throne.

IV.

I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I lov'd so dear:
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless prove a friend.

V.

I come, I come, at thy command,
I give my spirit to thy hand;
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms!

VI.

The hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home;
Now, O my God! let trouble cease,
Now let thy servant die in peace.

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